

The Thought of God



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THE THOUGHT OF GOD IN HYMNS
AND POEMS. *Second Series.*
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THE

THOUGHT OF GOD

IN

HYMNS AND POEMS

BY

✓✓

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

AND

✓

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

BOSTON

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BY FREDERICK L. HOSMER AND
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

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TO

J. LL. J.

AND OUR FELLOW-WORKERS IN THE WEST



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THE THOUGHT OF GOD

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God !

LISTENING FOR GOD

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light, —
Where *is* the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven, where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign !
'Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul !
Thy words are sweet and strong ;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my ' Peace, be still !
They ever seem to say, — ' My child,
Why seek me so all day ?
Now journey inward to thyself.
And listen by the way !'

MILWAUKEE, 1870

THE MYSTERY OF GOD

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here, —

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about ?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

1876

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man !
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open !
The blossom vaster shows !
We hear thy wide worlds echo, —
See how the lily grows !

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought ;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all !

THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH

THE Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far!
Shekinah of the snowflake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed ;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought ;
We find him not by seeking long, —
We lose him not, unsought.

Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holies knows
No tread, no touch of hand ;
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, 'Thy will be done !'
Lies all Gethsemane.

For C. W. W., CHICAGO, 1873

•

THE INDWELLING GOD

'O that I knew where I might find him !'

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there, —
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine !

Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of his own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend !

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find him there !

THE HIGHWAY

*'Whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to
thee.'*

WHEN the night is still and far,
 Watcher from the shadowed deeps!
When the morning breaks its bar,
 Life that shines and wakes and leaps!
When old Bible-verses glow,
 Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills with quiet dawn
 From the peace our years have brought, —
 Sun within both skies, we see
 How all lights lead back to thee!

'Cross the field of daily work
 Run the footpaths, leading — where?
Run they east or run they west,
 One way all the workers fare.

Every awful thing of earth, —
 Sin and pain and battle-noise ;
Every dear thing, — baby's birth,
 Faces, flowers, or lovers' joys, —
 Is a wicket-gate, where we
 Join the great highway to thee !

Restless, restless, speed we on, —
 Whither in the vast unknown ?
Not to you and not to me
 Are the sealèd orders shown :
But the Hand that built the road,
 And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
 Are such invitation sweet,
 That where I no longer see,
 Highway still must lead to thee !

A PSALM OF TRUST

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine, —
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn ;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

GLORIES THAT REMAIN

*'If that which is done away was glorious, much more that
which remaineth is glorious.'*

FAIRER grows the earth each morning
To the eyes that watch aright ;
Every dew-drop sparkles warning
Of a miracle in sight ;
Of some unsuspected glory
Waiting in the old and plain ;
Poet's dream nor traveller's story
Words such wonders as remain.

Everywhere the gate of Beauty
Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty
Inward to the heart of things;
And we enter, foolish mortals,
Thinking now the heart to find, —
There to gaze on vaster portals!
Still the Glory lies behind !

Faith I love ! I love you deeper
As I press your portals through,
Heeding not the call of keeper,
Heeding sole the vision new !
All our creeds are hinting only
Of a faith of nobler strain :
God is living ! are we lonely,
'Mid his glories that remain ?

F. R. A. Festival, 1874

THE LARGER FAITH

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

‘Lo here, lo there,’ no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near !

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

THE STREAM OF FAITH

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs ;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons, —
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

How deep it flowed in olden time,
When men by it were strong
To dare the untrod wilderness,
Charmed on by river-song!
Where'er they passed by hill or shore,
They gave the song a voice,
Till all the craggy land had heard
The Father's Faith rejoice.

And still it moves, a broadening flood ;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows !
O thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too, — thy charm,
That ever-deepening roll !

For J. M., NEWBURYPORT, 1875

FOUND

They that know thy name will put their trust in thee.

O NAME, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee !

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill !

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod ;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God !

The thought of thee all sorrow calms ;
Our anxious burdens fall ;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

1878

THEODORE

O HEART of all the shining day,
The green earth's still Delight,
Thou Freshness in the morning wind,
Thou Silence of the night,
Thou Beauty of our temple-walls,
Thou Strength within the stone, —
What is it we can offer thee
That is not first thine own ?

Old memories throng : we think of those
Awhile with us who trod,
Whose hands yet lift within our lives, —
We called them ' Gift of God : '
And thine these shinings in our thought,
This eager, love-wrought hope,
This deathless faith they wait and watch
On some fair upper slope.

O, solemn-sweet the sureness grows,
When such as they have passed ;
The darkness fills, the silence thrills,
Their life pervades the Vast ;
The vanished virtue quickens through
And touches every star ;
Their unseen love — we know it thine,
Thy Living Love they are !

Parker Memorial Dedication, 1873

MY DEAD

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more ;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine ;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

1882

GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS

CLEAR in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
To illumine these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
As my life-path groweth long ;
By their quiet waters straying
Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
In some New Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

FATHER, TO THEE

FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing
flows ;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the
morrow ;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark be-
fore us,
When the vain cares that vex our life in-
crease, —
Comes with its calm the thought that thou
art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness
leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her
song ;

Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper
 meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us
 strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows !
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these dark-
 ened furrows,
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden
 grain.

THROUGH UNKNOWN PATHS

O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line ;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death ;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed ;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail
And Time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home !

HE THAT INHABITETH ETERNITY

WHO does not feel how weak
Are all our words to speak
Of him, the Infinite, —
Below all depth, above all height !
Yet hath no other speech
To me such wondrous reach
As this the prophet saith: that he
Inhabiteth Eternity !

We dwell in Time : our ear
Is deafened by things near ;
Darkly we see, and know
Only in part, also.
From troubles that annoy
Plucking no future joy,
Sweetening failure's bitterness
With no deferred but sure success, —
As if the passing hour were all,
With it we rise and fall :
The while that he
Inhabiteth Eternity !

Patient and suffering long
With man's mistakes and wrong ;
Seeing how all threads come
In place in Time's vast loom,
And in the finished web fulfil
The pattern of his perfect will ;
To whom as one is seen
What is, will be, hath been, —
Tranquil and lifted clear
Above our fevered atmosphere,
Forever dwelleth he
In the sure strength of his Eternity !

O Father of my life,
Give me, amid its strife,
To bear within my breast
The secret of thy rest, —
The river of thy peace within,
Whose banks are always fresh and green ;
Give me, while here in Time I be,
Also to dwell with thee in thine Eternity.

ON THE MOUNT

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here —
We cry, the heavenly presence near :
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies !

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision, — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

1882

LOYALTY

WHEN courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure ;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong ;
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song !

PASSING UNDERSTANDING

'The peace of God, that passeth all understanding.'

MANY things in life there are
Past our 'understanding' far,
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no man knows.

All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience ;
Mysteries around us rise,
We, the deeper mysteries !

Who hath scales to weigh the love
That from heart to heart doth move,
The divine unrest within,
Or the keen remorse for sin ?

Who can map those tracks of light
Where the fancy wings its flight,
Or to outer vision trace
Thought's mysterious dwelling-place ?

Who can sound the silent sea
Where, with sealèd orders, we
Voyage from birth's forgotten shore
Toward the unknown land before ?

While we may so little scan
Of thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with thee !

May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind !

Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

THE SUNNY SIDE

A SILVERY tide, called 'Sunny Side,'
Goes creeping around the earth,
And never a place but wins a grace
In the jubilant flood of mirth,
From the dancing gleam on the fretted
stream

To the dimple on baby's cheek,
That in and out, to his merry shout,
Twinkles a hide-and-seek.

Wherever it goes, the darkness glows
And men and women sing ;
It fills their eyes with a glad surprise,
And stays their sorrowing ;
The heart is a-tune, the world is June,
Nothing is old or gray,
As it passes along with the swell of a song,
Like a musical break of day.

Spirit of Love, in the blue above
Who makest the sun to flame,
Who guidest the flight of the planet bright,
And callest the stars by name,
It is thou dost hide in the 'Sunny Side,'
And creepest from heart to heart!
And, soul or clod, we share the God,
Who comes, — and the shadows part!

1875

FLOWER SUNDAY

THE rose is queen among the flowers,
None other is so fair :
The lily nodding on her stem
With fragrance fills the air.
But sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
That springeth everywhere.

The rose will fade and fall away,
The lily too will die :
But love shall live forevermore
Beyond the starry sky.
Then sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
Upspringing everywhere.

THE LITTLE ONES

Children's Sunday

ALL hidden lie the future ways
 Their little feet shall fare ;
But holy thoughts within us stir
 And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
 Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
 The freshness of their morn !

Within us wakes the childlike heart,
 Back rolls the tide of years ;
The silent wells of memory start
 And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
 The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
 The little child doth lead.

CHRISTMAS

STILL the angels sing on high,
Still the bearded men draw nigh,
Bringing worship with the morn,
When a little child is born ;
Baby-glory in the place,
Star-look on the mother's face,
Psalm within the mother's heart, —
Christmas all in counterpart !

Quaintest wight that ever stirred,
With thy ears that never heard,
Eyes that eye a brand-new world,
Tiny limbs but half uncurled,
Wee-bit Adam ! wee-bit Christ !
Earth, by thee new-paradised,
Blooms to miracles again,
Echoes God's ' Good-will to men ! '

Blessings on the little child
In the cave far-off and wild !
For that nursery divine
Tells me well, O baby mine,
That *thou* art Emmanuel,
'God with *us*,' come here to dwell, —
Come to say, 'Since time began,
Son of God is Son of Man.'

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE

From the German of Karl Gerok

THE church-bells for service are ringing,
The father and mother have gone ;
And three little golden-haired children
Are left in the doorway alone.

For these are too young for the meeting —
The busy and frolicsome elves —
So they think to praise God like their elders
With a holy-time all by themselves !

Each one a big volume has taken
And holds it top-down 'gainst the breast ;
Forthwith the devout little mimics
Sing out in their loudest and best !

They know not themselves what they 're
singing,
And each takes a tune of his own : —
Sing on, O ye children, your voices
Are heard at the heavenly throne !

And there stand your angels in glory,
While songs to the Father they raise,
Who out of the mouths of the children
Hath perfected worship and praise.

Sing on ; over there in the garden
There singeth an answering choir ;
'T is the brood of light-hearted birdlings
That chirp in the bloom-laden brier.

Sing on ; there is trust in your music, —
The Father, he asks not for more ;
Quick flieth the heart that is sinless
Like a dove to the heavenly door.

Sing on ; we sing who are older,
Yet little we too understand :
And our Bibles, how often we hold them
The bottom-side up in our hand !

Sing on ; in the songs of our service
We follow each note of the card ;
But alas, in our strife with each other
How oft is the melody marred !

Sing on ; for earth's loftiest music
Though ever so fine and so clear,
What is it ? The lispings of children,
A breath in the Infinite ear !

JESUS WHO?

‘The other day I told my very little daughter, answering a question of hers, that a certain picture was Jesus. “Jesus WHO?” said she — “Jesus God?”’

AND are the children prophets, then,
Or have they lived before,
To speak the words so simple-wise,
And babble spirit-lore?

Their wonder plays on questions quaint,
All vision and surprise,
Like clumsy gates whose careless swing
Reveals half Paradise.

Yes, little May, you’ve said it, —
‘God’ is his other name;
Ours always ends with Father’s;
Yours is the very same.

Our earth is one home only,
Our Father only one,
And all the folks are brothers,
And every one his son.

And up and down the city
Wherever you have trod,
It's Mary-, Maud-, and Katy-,
John-God, and Willie-God.

O Life and Love, in whom we are,
From whom, to whom all lives,
I thank thee for the christening
Thy little prophet gives.

The simple Bible long ago
Hinted the secret well,
When child-faith named its hero-babes,
'Judah' and 'Israel.'¹

Why strangely sounds the name divine
Blending with ours to-day ?
Is God an ancient lost afar,
A fashion gone for aye ?

¹ 'Judah,' i. e., *Praise God*: 'Israel,' i. e., *God strives*.

Ah, no, but thought too awful grows
For name or speech or look :
In silent floods the secret pours
That babbled in the brook.

1871

CHRISTMAS

TO-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song :

‘ Peace on the earth, good-will to men ! ’
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far !

Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate ;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait !

And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword !
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

O star of human faith and hope !
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

1877

JESUS

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here, —
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey !

THE YEAR OF THE LORD

PRAISE to God and thanksgiving!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing!
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!

Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene :
Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers :

Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain :
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need !

Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit :
Praise for hills and valleys broad, —
Each the Table of the Lord !

Praise him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast :
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth !

For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One !
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving !

Harvest Festival, ST. PAUL, 1882

THE NEW YEAR

‘BEHOLD,’ — in vision said
The Voice to John on Patmos —
‘I make all things new !’
Vanish before his view
The earth and heavens old ;
In splendor manifold
New heavens and earth appear
To the enraptured seer :
And lo ! descending from the skies,
Fairer than storied paradise,
He saw the New Jerusalem, —
Apparelled as a bride
With gold and precious gem, —
And heard a Voice that cried :
‘God’s dwelling is with men,
And he will wipe away all tears,
And death shall be no more, nor pain ;

Passed are the things of former years :
Behold, I make all things new !
Write: for faithful are these words and true.

So speaks to thee, O heart,
As the swift years depart
The re-creating Voice.
Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays,
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee, —
New love, new thought, new service too
For him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think thou aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years ;
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good —
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood —
Thy life hath known
Abideth still thine own,
And hath within significance

Of more than Time's inheritance.
Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be.
In the future thou shalt find
How far the Fact hath left behind
Thy fondest Dream ; how deeper than all
 sense
Or thought of thine, thy life's sure Provi-
 dence !

THE DAY

ROUTINE of duties,
Commonplace cares, —
Angels disguised
Entertained unawares ;—

Sweet human fellowships
Kindred and near,
Drawing the soul from
Its self atmosphere ;

The book's friendly company,
Leading along
To fields of new knowledge
And uplands of song ;

In-shinings of Nature,
Morning's red bars,
Waysides in beauty,
Night with its stars ;

The nearer communion
In silence apart,
When thought blooms to prayer
And song fills the heart,

While the things unseen
Grow more and more real,
And life deepens and broadens
Toward larger ideal: —

How many the blessings
Each day has to give
The soul that is seeking
Truly to live!

THE HILLS OF THE LORD

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep !
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all a-leap !

But that is the mountain's secret,
Age-hidden in their breast ;
' God's peace is everlasting,'
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of his grace ;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
 Wild storm-news from the main ;
They sing it down to the valleys
 In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
 And over the uplands flock ;
He weaveth the zones together
 In robes for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers ;
 Nests for his flying cloud ;
Homesteads for new-born races,
 Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
 Come up to their shrines and pray ;
God freshens again within them,
 As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret,
 The beauty deeper than all,
This faith, — that life's hard moments,
 When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains ;
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness
And his peace everlasting to me.

WHITEFIELD, 1870

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP

ONLY ten miles from the city, —
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!

All alone on the hill-top!
Nothing but God and me,
And the spring-time's resurrection,
Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past;
And all things silently opening,
Opening into the Vast!

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble — is older than Adam !
Secrets it hath to tell ;
These rocks — they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide ;
The sun finds its East and West therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine, —

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led,
And *I* am the lichen's circle
That creeps with the tiny tread.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above: —
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I — I am a part of the poem,
Of its every sight and sound ;
For my heart beats inward rhymings
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature !
Oh, the light that is not of day !
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away ?

BLUE HILL, May 21, 1871

THE CATHEDRAL

SHELF over shelf the mountain rose ;
And, as we climbed, they seemed the stair
That scales a minster's wall to seek
Some high-hid cell of prayer.

But every stair was carpeted
With mosses soft of gray and green,
And gold and crimson arabesques
Trailed in and out between.

Up, up, o'er ferny pavements still,
O'er dim mosaics of the wood,
O'er rocky terraces, we trod,
Till on the height we stood.

About the ancient mountain-walls
The silent wildernesses clung ;
In solemn frescos, moving slow,
The clouds their shadows flung.

Along the valley-deeps below
The shimmer of a forest floor, —
A leafy brightness, like the sea,
Wide twinkling o'er and o'er.

Niched in the mighty minster, we,
Beneath the dome of radiant blue :
Cathedral-hush on every side,
And worship breathing through !

There came wild music on the winds,
The chanting of the forest choir,
Shaken across the ranged hills
As over a chorded lyre.

Then pauses as for quiet prayer,
And lulls, in which the listeners heard
Home-voices speak, while faces neared
Swifter than any bird.

Of Strength eternal, by whose will
The hills their steadfast places keep,
Whose Right is like the mountains high,
Whose Judgments are a deep, —

In grand old Bible verse we spoke,
And following close like echoes sped
The poems best beloved. The words
Along the silence fled.

The Silence, awful Living Word
Behind all sound, behind all thought,
Whose speech is Nature-yet-to-be,
The Poem yet unwrought!

That day it spake within the soul,
Through sense all strangely blent with sense,
The vision took majestic rhythm, —
We *heard* the firmaments!

And listened, time and space forgot,
As flowed the lesson for the day, —
'Order is Beauty ; Law is Love ;
Childlike his worlds obey.'

And all the heaven seemed folding down
Above the shining earth's sweet face,
Till in our hearts they touched ! We felt
The thrill of their embrace.

Then, in its peace, we wandered down
Our rocky staircase from the height ;
On dim mosaics of the wood
We met the climbing Night.

Sunday on 'BALD CAP,' September, 1876

THE PAST

For us no Past? Nay, what is present sweetness

But yesterdays dissolving in to-day?

No Past? It flowers in every new completeness,

And scarce from eye and ear can hide away.

These berries, mottling blue the rocky hollows,

Still cluster with the blossom-trick of June;
The cloud-led shadow loiters there and follows

O'er crags sun-stained by centuries of noon;
Yon aged pine waves young defiant gesture
When hustling winds pant by in wild sea-mood;

The valley's grace in all its shining vesture, —
Ages have carved it from the solitude;

Low sings the stream in murmurs faint re-
calling

The chant of floods the solitude once heard;
And this wide quiet on the hill-tops falling
Made hush at eves that listener never
stirred.

And as on *us* it falls, our laughter stilling,
Dim echoes cross it of all old delight!
The joy, along the soul's far reaches thrilling
To glory of the summer day and night,
Has been inwrought by many a summer-hour
Of past selves long forgot, — enrichment
slow,

Attuning mind and heart with mystic power
To the fresh marvel of this sunset's glow.
I think we see our valley's brightness brighter
For faces that once brightened by our side ;
The peace of the eternal mountains deepens
At thought of peace on faces that have died.

For us no Past ? Nay, what is present sweet-
ness ?

Dear yesterdays dissolving in to-day !

The Past — it flowers in every new completeness

Of thought, faith, hope ; and so shall be for aye.

Sunset on 'CROW NEST,' August, 1875

SUMMER CHEMISTRY

What does it take

A day to make, —

A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee ?

White clouds a-sail in the shining blue,
Dropping a shadow to dredge the lands ;
A mountain-wind, and a marching storm,
And a sound in the trees like waves on
sands ;

A mist to soften the shaggy side
Of the great green hill, till it lies as dim
As the hills in a childhood memory ;
The crags and the ledges silver-chased,
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced ;
The back of an upland pasture steep,
With delicate fern-beds notching wide
The dark wood-line where the birches keep
Candlemas all the summer-tide ;
Brown-flashing across the meadow bright
The stream that gems its malachite ;
And, watching his valley, Chocorua grim,
And a golden sunset watching him !

Add — fifty lives of young and old,
Of tired and sad, of strong and bold,
And every heart a deeper sea
Than its own owner dreams can be ;
Add eyes whose glances have the law
Of coursing planets in their draw ;
Add careless hands that touch and part,
And hands that greet with a heaven's sense ;
Add little children in their glee
Uprunning to a mother's knee,
Their earliest altar ; add her heart,
Their feeble, brooding Providence : —

Add this to that, and thou shalt see
What goes to summer chemistry, —
What the God takes,
Each time he makes
One summer-day at Ossipee.

Bear Camp River House, WEST OSSIPEE,
August, 1877

WHERE DID IT GO?

WHERE did yesterday's sunset *go*,
When it faded down the hills so slow,
And the gold grew dim, and the purple light
Like an army with banners passed from
sight?

Will its flush go into the golden-rod,
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,
Its crimson fleck the maple-bough,
And the Autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower-fields sank the glow
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,
It glided into a poet's song,
It is setting still in a picture rare ;

It changed by the miracle none can see
To the shifting lights of a symphony ;
And in resurrections of faith and hope
The glory died on the shining slope.

For it left its light on the hills and seas
That rim a thousand memories.

WEST OSSIPPEE, 1877

RECOGNITION

TWICE have I turned to hear a tone,
And thrice have I seen a look,
That tell me well the soul that I love
Is to me but a sealèd book.

'T was only the name of her little child,
And a 'Darling !' one day as she kissed ;
But twice those household words were strains
Out of exquisite music missed.

I remember the raptured hour she stood
With love-light haloing her,
When her lips were dim in the crimson tides
From the deeps of joy astir :

And once, 'mid the pain of farewell tears
For an exile seaward doomed,
How her form upreached like a quivering
stem
And a new face suddenly bloomed :

And then, a day in a shaded room,
A day in the valley of Death ; —
She must journey and wrestle alone, — and
we,
We waited with bated breath,
Until the radiant marvel broke
Of her resurrection-face,
And the weary eyes, her victory won,
So peacefully filled with grace.

Three days that star-look on us beamed,
And the bed was a holy shrine,
Where soft we worshipped the new-born
Child
O'erhung by the Mother's sign !

Slowly it faded, and welcome grew
For the old dear eyes returned, —
The light of our home, but not the eyes
Where the angel-look had burned.

Do you wonder an awe enfolds my love
For the presence with whom I dwell, —
My inmost friend, but a stranger too,
Whom I know not over well ?

Her soul to me is an Upper Land,
 Where mornings rise unseen
 On pathless mountain-mysteries
 And dells of hidden green.

I am so glad of her gardens sweet
 Too sacred for me to walk,
 So glad of the sunlit heights too far
 To echo our mingled talk !

And I try to climb and listen and watch ;
 For may be the sense will grow,
 Till into her loneliness I may press
 And all of her sweetness know !



A marvel ! But what if there be a truth
 Passing in wonder this ?
 Can she be to *herself* as dim, unknown,
 And the best of her nature miss ?

Can there be in us all those heights of will
 And shadowy deeps of thought,
 A land in the heart of each one's life
 With self-surprises fraught, —

Whither, in sudden mystical hours
 When the conscious self is forgot,
We are rapt as into an upper self,
 And stand in the light of a spot,

Where are born those exquisite tones that
 stray
 To startle the common days,
And the look that heralds our angel-smile
 Dawns into our eyes and ways ?

Only a minute, — and then we are back
 In the meadows far below,
Where the life-winds sweep and the life-
 streams run,
 And nought of their source we know !

I verily think that she I love
 Would hardly a meaning trace,
Should I speak to her of that twice-heard
 tone
 And the thrice-illumined face.

IN A LOOK

ALL the Morning in a face, —
Freshness of all happy space !
Sense of sunrise in a sky
Serious still with stars gone by ;
Sense of song in waking woods,
Winds a-laugh in solitudes,
Dawn surprising dewy fields,
Springing sounds as slumber yields,
Breaths of prayer, the rush of wings, —
Morning, deep with happy things !

Summer Twilight in a face !
Evening shadows stilling space ;
Two stars in a silent sky ;
After-calm, — a sun gone by ;
Wood-paths darkening, bird-song closing,
Flowers on their stems reposing ;

Widening, widening, from the grass
Rhythmic tides of music pass, —
Pass within, and hush the streams,
Whose thought-babble dies in dreams !

These before me seem to rise,
When they look me in the eyes.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

W. H. F.

FIFTY times the years have turned,
Since the heart within him burned
With its wistfulness to be
An apostle sent of thee.

Closely in his Master's tread
Still to follow, till he read
Tone of voice and look of face,
Print of wound and sign of grace.

Reading there for fifty years,
Pressing after, till the tears
And the smiles would come and go
At the self-same joy and woe,—

Sharing with him shouts of 'Mad !'
When the bold front to the bad
Bent to pluck the 'little ones'
From the feet of fellow-sons, —

Sharing in his inner peace,
Sharing all but his release, —
He is with us while the chimes
Ring our blessing fifty times.

Listening boys across the field
Hear, and hope *they* may not yield :
Are they listening from the air, —
Boys who started with him there ?

PHILADELPHIA, 1875

THE TEACHER

G. R. N.

A LIGHT upon the harvest-field,
A 'Well-done!' in the air :
'Rest-Angel, only *weary* yield !'
Rose up his eager prayer.

Again in work went by the day,
Till working hands grew thin ;
Once more the restful shining lay, —
The old man entered in.

A teacher he, in white-haired youth ;
The body's cloister, old, —
The spirit growing young with Truth
Through birthdays manifold.

A teacher he of oracles,
And one his life did sing :
The field lies always Harvest-white,
If inly lies the Spring.

CAMBRIDGE, 1868

THE CLIFF AT NEWPORT

I WALK the Cliff, in earlier days oft trod
By one whose advent brought new life to
men ;

A prophet of the soul, speaking again
To earth-bound hearts of the deep things of
God.

Below, the passionate sea still beats in vain,
And white sails gleam along the horizon
broad ;

The same sky bends above — beneath, the
sod

As then is freshened by the Summer rain.
But, interfused with all, there shines to-day
A beauty born not of the earth or skies,
Making twice fair what was so fair before :
'Tis that a noble Soul has passed this way,
Leaving a holy memory to rise
And speak to thought and feeling evermore.

IN SLEEP

L. N. R.

'He giveth his beloved (in) sleep.'

Not in our waking hours alone
His constancy and care are known ;
But locked in slumber fast and deep
He giveth to us while we sleep.

What giveth He ? From toil release,
Quiet from God, night's starlit peace ;
Till with the coming of the morn
We greet the day, like it new-born.

And pondering this mystery,
There came a larger truth to me, —
How in the sleep that we call death
He sleepeth not nor slumbereth,

But still sustains the silent soul
Until the shadows backward roll,
And with the passing of the night
It wakens in immortal light !

What giveth He ? No more again
To know the touch of mortal pain ;
All weakness past, each fetter riven, —
For earth the larger life of heaven !

Dear friend, as o'er thy pallid face
The tall white lilies breathed their peace,
And stillness like a solitude
Enwrapt the tearful multitude,

How sweetly on that sea of calm
Floated the music of the psalm, —
The Spirit's voice upon the deep, —
' He giveth his beloved sleep !'

Once more the sun with lavish hand
Pours lengthening day along the land ;
But not with spring-time bloom and bird
Thy smile returns, thy voice is heard :

Yet still we say the old-time words
' In life, in death, we are the Lord's :'
And trust thee to his love to keep
Who giveth to his own in sleep.

March 16, 1877

MINISTRY

E. A. B.

JUST on the threshold of threescore-and-
ten —

An upward pathway, shining more and
more —

She heard the call, and passed within the
door

Whence none that enters ever comes again.

Henceforth will Want await her step in vain,

Wise Charity will have a lessened store :

The beatings of a faithful heart are o'er,
And struggling Truth has lost a loyal brain.

Ah, foolish plaint! Hath God no other
sphere

For virtue's use, and love, and loyalty,

That they should perish with the body's
breath ?

O noble Friend, thy life's long service here

Thou crownest now with its best ministry,

And quickenest faith beside the door of
death !

November, 1879

THE MINISTER'S JOURNEY

Not to the lanes of England,
Cathedral-aisles of France,
Or up the mountain-hollows
Where Alpine torrents glance ;

Not in the storied cities
And old highways of life,
Where shadowy generations
Have passed in song and strife ;

Where Raphael hath painted,
Or Socrates was born,
Or prophets once were cradled
In Nazareths of scorn ;—

But on more wonderful journeys
Than any the pilgrims know,
Our traveller has been roving, —
The book in his heart can show.

He has voyaged with the Captains
Who sail the seas of thought,
Daring with them the tempest,
Hailing with them the port.

And many a dreamer's island
Has added to his lore
The hope that made it Patmos, —
One heavenly vision more.

In lands men deemed unholy
He gleaned from every clod
Some treasure-trove, revealing
Horizons new of God.

Till Heathenesse grew homelike ;
While the traveller's tale was still
Of a Ceaseless Care, whose presence
Out-worketh good from ill.

And unto sacred places,
The Palestines within,
By pathways of the Spirit,
Our traveller hath been.

Along the silent beaches
That men call Birth and Death,
Rimming our fields of summer,
Giving us ocean-breath,

He paces as a watcher
Watching the tidal sweep ;
And his greeting is full of music
Caught from the central deep.

He knows the founts of laughter ;
Where psalms in mothers rise ;
How purpose dawns in manhood,
And love in maiden eyes.

In still lanes of confession,
In solemn aisles of prayer,
On Alps of high endeavor, —
We meet him everywhere !

The others see but Europe,
And go as feet may fare ;
Our pilgrim, still out-sailing,
Sees many an Outre-Mer !

IN TWOS

SOMEWHERE in the world there hide
Garden-gates that no one sees
Save they come in happy twos, —
Not in ones, nor yet in threes.

But from every maiden's door
Leads a pathway straight and true ;
Map and survey know it not, —
He who finds, finds room for two !

Then they see the garden-gates !
Never skies so blue as theirs,
Never flowers so many-sweet,
As for those who come in pairs.

Round and round the alleys wind :
Now a cradle bars the way,
Now a little mound, behind, —
So the two go through the day.

When no nook in all the lanes
But has heard a song or sigh,
Lo ! another garden-gate
Opens as the two go by.

In they wander, knowing not ;
' Five and Twenty ! ' fills the air
With a silvery echo low,
All about the startled pair.

Happier yet *these* garden-walks :
Closer, heart to heart, they lean ;
Stillier, softer, falls the light ;
Few the twos, and far between.

Till, at last, as on they pass
Down the paths so well they know,
Once again at hidden gates
Stand the two : they enter slow.

Golden Gates of ' Fifty Years,'
May *our* two your latchet press !
Garden of the Sunset Land,
Hold their dearest happiness !

Then a quiet walk again:
Then a wicket in the wall:
Then one, stepping on alone, —
Then two at the Heart of All!

December 22, 1879

POEM AND DOGMA

'T WAS Schliemann back from Troy,
With relics bronze and gold :
Where other eyes saw violets,
He saw the city old.

And, fondling a brown skull, —
' My learned friend,' said he,
' Tells me that this a maiden's was,
In Troy beyond the sea ;

And from these angles here
Of brow and cheek-bone fine,
He judges that my maiden was
A creature quite divine.

' Ah, yes ! ' he added low,
' Virchow was right just there,
For *all* the maidens of old Troy
Were beautiful and rare.'

By summer chance we met,
And sat in chatting mood:
Said one, 'How noble Jesus' word
In that Beatitude!'

'Ah, yes!' chimed in a friend,
'You speak it truly there,
For *all* that Jesus said or was,
Was right beyond compare.'

'And Paul,' one said, 'was wrong;
How far from light he trod!' —
'But then, you know,' my lady chirped,
'T is *all* the Word of God.'

The artlessness the same!
And why should tears half-start
Over the fabled beauty gone, —
Poem of German heart ;

While, with half-angry thought,
I smile away the *creed*
Of fabled beauty they would fain
Persuade me that I need ?

Angry ! who know their creeds
Were poems, too, — that died ;
That all the world's old dogmas are
Its poems petrified.

THE HALO

'One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings.'

THINK what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!

Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er-
swung, —
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and *mothers*, too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan, — birdlings' de-
spair, —
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat !

Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled !
Women want that ?

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it, —
Price of a hat !

Just for a jauntiness brightening the street !
This is your halo, O faces so sweet, —
Death : and for that !

NOT ALL THERE

*'The innocents, of whom the Scotch say, "They are not
all there."'*

SOMETHING short in the making, —
Something lost on the way,
As the little Soul was taking
Its path to the break of Day !

Only his mood or passion,
But it twitched an atom back ;
And she, for her gods of fashion,
Filched from the pilgrim's pack.

The Father did not mean it,
The Mother did not know,
No human eye had seen it, —
But the little Soul needed it so !

Through the street there passed a cripple,
Maimed from before its birth ;
On the strange face gleamed a ripple,
Like a half-dawn on the earth.

It passed, — and it awed the city,
As one not alive nor dead :
Eyes looked and brimmed with pity, —
‘He is not all there,’ they said.

Not all ! for part is behind it,
Lying dropt on the way :
That part — could two but find it,
How welcome the end of Day !

LET IT BEGIN HERE

Captain Parker's words on Lexington Green : ' Don't fire, unless you are fired on ; but if they want a war, let it begin here ! '

THE April thrills along the hills,
The violets wake below,
But never to the thrill they knew
A hundred years ago,
What day the calls from pasture-walls
In echoing signals ran,
And swift replied the country-side
To what they here began.

' Let it begin ! ' a Voice within
The waiting farmers spake, —
His voice in whom the Aprils bloom,
In whom the Nations wake !
Old lands had yearned, old dreamers burned
Fair Freedom's day to win,
And still it fled, — the farmers said,
' Now let it here begin ! '

And at the word a Nation stirred !
Without or king or caste,
Serene and strong to right their wrong,
THE PEOPLE rose at last !
All quick to feel the common weal,
The many in the one,
Heart pledged to heart no more to part : —
And this was here begun !

For the Lexington Centennial, April 19, 1875

AUNT PHILLIS'S GUEST

St. Helena Island in 1863

I WAS young and 'Harry' was strong,
The summer was bursting from sky and
plain,
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along, —
When a picture flashed, and I dropped the
rein.

A black sea-creek, with snaky run
Slipping through low green leagues of
sedge ;
An ebbing tide, and a setting sun ;
A hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent and her wool was gray ;
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face ;
Children were buried and sold away, —
The Freedom had come to the last of a race !

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot ;
And praised the Lord, if 'the pain' passed
by ;
From the earthen floor the smoke curled out
Through shingles patched with the bright
blue sky.

'Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone ?'
I asked, and pitied the gray old head ;
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,
'*Me and Jesus, Massa,*' she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before ;
The air was full of a music low,
And the Guest Divine stood at the door !

Ay, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who seeth the widow give her mite,
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,
And shown himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The grovelling want and the darkened
mind, —

I looked on this ; but the Lord, within :
 I would what he saw was in me to find !

A childlike soul, whose faith had force
 To see what the angels see in bliss :
 She lived, and the Lord lived ; so, of course,
 They lived together, — she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
 As something to pity, so poor and low,
 Had already borne fruit that the Lord so
 prized
 He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done :
 A few days more of the hut's unrest,
 A little while longer to sit in the sun, —
 Then — *He* would be host, and *she* would
 be guest !

And up above, if an angel of light
 Should stop on his errand of love some day
 To ask, ' Who lives in the mansion bright ? '
 ' Me and Jesus,' Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, does it seem ?
And things are not as Aunt Phillises dream ?

Friend, surely so !

For this I know, —

That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show ;
That his commonest thing hides a wonder
 vast,

To whose beauty our eyes have never passed ;
That his *fact* in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

THE NEGRO BURYING-GROUND

St. Helena Island in 1863

'MID the sunny flat of the cotton-field
Lies an acre of forest-tangle still ;
A cloister dim, where the gray moss waves
And the live-oaks lock their arms at will.

Here in the shadows the slaves would hide
As they dropped the hoe at death's release,
And leave no sign but a sinking mound
To show where they passed on their way
to peace.

This was the Gate — there was none but
this —

To a Happy Land where men were men ;
And the dusky fugitives, one by one,
Stole in from the bruise of the prison-pen.

When, lo ! in the distance boomed the guns,
The bruise was over, and ' Massa ' had fled !
But *Death* is the ' Massa ' that never flees,
So still to the oaks they bore the dead.

'T was at set of sun ; a tattered troop
 Of children circled a little grave,
 Chanting an anthem rich in its peace
 As ever pealed in cathedral-nave, —

The *A, B, C*, that the lips below
 Had learnt with them in the school to
 shout.
 Over and over they sung it slow,
 Crooning a mystic meaning out.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, —
 Down solemn alphabets they swept :
 The oaks leaned close, the moss swung low, —
 What strange new sound among them
 crept ?

The holiest hymn that the children knew !
 'T was dreams come real, and heaven come
 near ;
 'T was light, and liberty, and joy,
 And 'white-folks'-sense,' — and God right
 here !

Over and over ; they dimly felt

This was the charm could make black white,
This was the secret of ' Massa's ' pride,
And this, unknown, made the negro's night.

What could they sing of braver cheer

To speed on her unseen way the friend ?
The children were facing the mystery Death
With the deepest prayer that their hearts
could send.

Children, too, and the mysteries last !

We are but comrades with them *there*, —
Stammering over a meaning vast,
Crooning our guesses of how and where.

But the children were right with their A, B, C ;

In our stammering guess so much we say !
The singers were happy, and so are we :
Deep as our wants are the prayers we pray.

GETTYSBURG IN 1885

After a visit to the Panorama

ONE step from the busy street, and there,
With the summer hills around,
In the heart of a summer day it lies, —
A Battle without a sound.

Whatever of battle the eyes may see —
The sweep of men to death,
The dash of horse, and the rush of gun,
The musket's fiery breath ;

The massing clouds of the cannon-smoke,
The horror of bursting shell,
The wreck of wheel and caisson,
The surgeon's mimic hell ;

The uptossed arms and the ashen cheek,
The droop of the shattered limb,
The men by the blood-pools in the grass,
The bodies stiff and grim.

We see it all, and we hear no sound !

We listen for roar and boom,
For the crack and the ping and the bullet's
thud : —

A stillness like the tomb !

No rattle to wheel, no clatter to hoof,
No bugle-call or cry,
No fierce hurrah along that line
Where the columns press to die ;

Those sullen prisoners give no oath ;
The face in the grass no groan ;
Its ' Good-bye ! ' reached a thousand miles,
But *we* catch never a tone.

Ah, if we *could* add sound to sight,
And then could paint the strain
And the splendor in the soldier's heart,
Breasting death's hurricane,

And the flashing signals of his thought
To homes that signal back,
And the woman's face and the climbing child
That lie in the bullet's track ;

And the breathless pause, each pulse-beat
hushed,

Of a watching continent ;

And the sense of a nation's fate at stake

In the awful tournament ;

And the upturned brows of a million slaves

Reading the face of God

For the word that would lift them into Men,

Or doom them back to the Clod, —

Could we rim all this in those summer hills

And add to what eyes see,

In the cloister quaint by the city street

Then ' Gettysburg ' would be !

And yet, as I hark, the soundlessness

Seems song of the war's release,

And the beauty to hint, 'mid Battle's woe,

The Battle's after-peace.

THE RIGHT GOES MARCHING ON

For Decoration Day

ONE moment on the scaffold, and he left it
Holy Ground !

Three hundred thousand heroes now lie
guarding it around,

And reverent hearts are pilgrim still to many
a sacred mound, —

And the Right goes marching on !

God had counted up the slave-graves, and
heard the black man's moan,

Till at last his leaping thunder shook the
awful Judgment-Throne, —

‘For each lash a cannon-crash ! For each
cry a battle-groan !’ —

And the Right goes marching on.

The Hands wherein the sparrow falls, that
beckon to the star,

Are Hands that harness unseen dooms to
Wrong's triumphal car,

And the steeds untiring* draw the nations
trembling to the Bar, —
And the Right goes marching on !

Then, if perchance a nation's Soul from out
her shame shall rise,
And light of Justice kindle fresh within her
chastened eyes,
The God who dooms shall save her by the
pain that purifies, —
And the Right goes marching on !

Lo, the flowers are all a-blossom, and the
grasses are a-wave
Where the bodies of our hero dead are sleep-
ing in the grave :
So shall beauty crown salvation through the
Hands so strong to save, —
And the Right goes marching on !

OUR COUNTRY

‘ O BEAUTIFUL, my Country !’

Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair Freedom’s open door !

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem !

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BY
FREDERICK L. HOSMER
AND
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

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ONE LAW, ONE LIFE, ONE LOVE

O PROPHET souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above ;
Your far-off vision, toils and tears
Now to fulfilment move !

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name, —
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame !

The ancient barriers disappear :
Down bow the mountains high ;
The sea-divided shores draw near
In a world's unity.

One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard :

10 *ONE LAW, ONE LIFE, ONE LOVE*

One Law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul :

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

World's Parliament of Religions
CHICAGO, 1893

‘WHO WERT AND ART AND
EVERMORE SHALT BE’

BRING, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O
Night, thy hushes!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds
coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our
Creator,
Who wert and art and evermore shalt
be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee,
Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast
and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy
bidding, —
Who wert and art and evermore shalt
be!

Light us ! lead us ! love us ! cry thy grop-
ing nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues but nam-
ing only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy pur-
pose, —
Who wert and art and evermore shalt
be !

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love
Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls
that wayward flee !
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit
yearning, —
Who wert and art and evermore shalt
be !

IN LONELY VIGIL

O THOU in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are, —

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be :
Trust not in numbers ; God is God,
And one with Him majority !

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame ;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame,

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born :
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then — the kings of earth at morn !

Emerson Commemoration, W. U. C., 1888

EDELWEISS

From the German of Hermann Lingg

ON the rock and girt with ice,
Neighbor to the circling star,
Bloomest thou, dear edelweiss,
From all other flowers afar;
By their joyous spring unblest,
Lonely on the rock's cold breast.

Where the lightnings have their home,
And the startled chamois listen,
Where the plunging waters foam,
Eagles reign, and glaciers glisten, —
Death and terror everywhere, —
Pure and glad thou bloomest there.

So stands he in noble pain,
Lone anear the arching heaven,
Lonely proud, who worldly gain,
Smiles and honors, all has given
Freely as his freedom's price, —
As thou bloomest, edelweiss!

EDELWEISS

THIS edelweiss I wear was not first mine;
I had it cheaply in the little town
Of one who from the mountains had come
 down;
A meek-eyed man, rough-clad, with many a
 sign
Of burning sun and of the tempest's frown.
Now through the valley, with its corn and
 wine,
His star-blooms badge the thronging tourists
 fine
Whose feet his toilsome path have never
 known.
O prophet souls, who with bruised feet have
 trod
The heaven-lit heights and thence to us have
 brought
Your wider vision, your high-hearted faith,
Your hope for Man, your larger thought of
 God, —
We wear your edelweiss; Life's common lot
Ever to your high service witnesseth!

SWITZERLAND, 1888

THE CROWNING DAY

THE morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky
That the crowning day is coming by and by!

Chorus: O, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by!
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that 's coming
by and by!

Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise, —
The Truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;

From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by !
Chorus : O, the crowning day is coming !

The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways ;
From hour to hour it haunts us,
The vision draweth nigh,
Till it crowneth living, *dying*, by and by !
Chorus : O, the crowning day is coming !

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess
That 'no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success !'
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming by and by !
Chorus : O, the crowning day is coming !

Music : 'Gospel Hymns,' No. 416. 1886

THE DAY OF GOD

THY kingdom come, — on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo ! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near !

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed ;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad, —
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God!

M. T. S , June 12, 1891

THE INWARD WITNESS

O THOU whose Spirit witness bears
Within our spirits free
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds, they rise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour ;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more !

For T. K., OMAHA, 1891

THOU WHO ART STRONG TO HEAL

O FOUNT of Being's sea,
Forever flowing free,
 The One in all, —
Thou whom no eye e'er saw,
Indwelling Love and Law,
To thee we suppliant draw,
 On thee we call.

Be consecrate to truth,
In manhood as in youth,
 Our growing powers;
That we may read thy thought
Nature and Life inwrought,
Thy perfect will be taught,
 And make it ours !

Thine image may we own
In Man, creation's crown,
 These temples thine :

Holy our calling be,
From bonds of pain to free,
And bring the liberty
Of life divine !

Thy presence still abide
Within these walls to guide,
Inspire and bless ;
Thou who art strong to heal,
The Christ-like touch reveal,
And in each spirit seal
Thy tenderness !

Rush Medical College, CHICAGO, 1891

THE HEAVENLY HELPER

UNTO thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
Holy thought and deed !

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even, —
Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
Just and sure thy throne, —
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through, —
Light thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be ;
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee ?

CHURCH-BELLS

OVER hills and valleys,
Over prairies wide,
Quiet call the church-bells
To the altar-side.
High in old cathedrals
Chant the brazen lips,
Down the leafy by-ways
Airy pleading slips.

In his toil the worker
Pauses at the sound, —
Heaven a little nearer,
Earth a holier ground.
At the sound the Sundays
With low music fill, —
Hark! the lands are singing,
Then with prayers are still.

Softer than the church-bells
With their mellow peal,
Softer, sweeter calling,
Mystic voices steal;

All the shadowy valleys
Memory calls her own,
All the spirit's hill-tops
Listen for the tone.

Every soul that listens
Hears the secret chime, —
Bells from quiet inlands
Out of space or time;
Mother-tones will stir them,
Child-appeals will start,
Hero-deeds will set them
Ringing in the heart.

Matin calls of duty
Wake us every day;
'Mid each happy labor
Angelus says 'Pray!'
Every hour that passes
Hath a vesper end,
Breathing, 'One who sleeps not
Is thy constant Friend.'

Every hope that wings us,
 Making eagle-free,
Every shame that bows us,
 Every loyalty,
Each new joy and laughter,
 Sorrows old that bide, —
Are God's church-bells calling
 To an altar-side.

1891

SUN-GLEAMS

As silent as the sun-gleam in the forest,
As quiet as the shadow on the hill,
Is the shining of the Spirit in our dimness,
Is the falling of its calm upon our will.

But subtler than the sun-lift in the leaf-bud,
That thrills through all the forests, making May,
And stronger than the strength that plants
the mountains,
Is that shining in the heart-lands, bringing
day.

AUSABLE PONDS, 1889

THE GRACE OF GOD

'My grace is sufficient for thee'

'MID my life's vicissitude,
Seeming evil mixed with good ;
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,
Alternating loss and gain, —
Be thou still my staff and rod,
All-sustaining grace of God !

Like a pilgrim here I pass,
Darkly see as through a glass ;
Little know I of the way,
What shall be I cannot say, —
Let thy light upon me shine,
All-sufficient grace divine !

'Mid my ever-changing mood
God who changeth not is good ;
And his word within I have,
He will guard the life he gave, —
Sing, my soul, along thy road,
Happy in the grace of God.

IN LITTLES

A LITTLE House of Life,
With many noises rife,
 Noises of joy and crime ;
A little gate of birth
Through which I slipped to Earth
 And found myself in Time.

And there, not far before,
Another little door,
 One day to swing so free !
None pauses there to knock,
No other hand tries lock, —
 It knows, and waits for me.

From out what Silent Land
I came, on Earth to stand
 And learn life's little art,
Is not in me to say :
I know I did not stray, —
 Was *sent* ; to come, my part.

And down what Silent Shore
Beyond yon little door
 I pass, I cannot tell ;
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way, —
 Am *sent* ; and all is well.

1891

WITH SELF DISSATISFIED

NOT when, with self dissatisfied,
O Lord, I lowly lie,
So much I need thy grace to guide,
And thy reproofing eye, —

As when the sound of human praise
Grows pleasant to my ear,
And in its light my broken ways
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,
We come to know at length
What strength within our weakness lies,
What weakness in our strength :

What inward peace is born of strife,
What power, of being spent ;
What wings unto our upward life
Is noble discontent.

O Lord, we need thy shaming look
That burns all low desire;
The discipline of thy rebuke
Shall be refining fire!

1893

BEHIND AND BEFORE

‘ONE thing I do; the things behind forgetting

And reaching forward to the things before,
Unto the goal, the prize of God’s high calling,
Onward I press,’ — said that great soul of
yore.

And in the heart, like strains of martial
music,

Echo the words of courage, trust, and
cheer,

The while we stand, half hoping, half regretting,

Between the coming and the parting year.

Behind are joys, fond hopes that found fulfilment,

Sweet fellowships, glad toil of hand and
brain.

Unanswered prayers, burdens of loss and
sorrow,
Faces that look no more in ours again.

Before us lie the hills, sunlit with promise,
Fairer fulfilments than the past could
know,
New growths of soul, new leadings of the
Spirit,
And all the glad surprises God will show.

All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,
All we have been, or bravely striven to be,
Makes for our gain, within us still surviving
As power and larger possibility.

All, all shall count; the mingled joy and
sorrow
To force of finer being rise at last :
From the crude ores in trial's furnace smelted
The image of the perfect life is cast.

‘ Onward I press, the things behind forget-
ting
And reaching forward to the things be-
fore : ’

Ring the brave words like strains of martial
music

As we pass through the New Year's
opened door.

1890

‘ THINK ON THESE THINGS ’

‘ Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.’

WHATSOEVER is just and pure,

Think on these things, my soul !

Earth shall vanish, but these endure,

Think on these things, my soul !

When all else shall fail thee,

These shall still avail thee ;

Think on these things, strive for these things,

Cherish these things, my soul !

Truth and honor, they call to thee,

Think on these things, my soul !

What of virtue and praise there be,

Think on these things, my soul !

These have been the glory
Of all human story ;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
Cherish these things, my soul !

Faithful spirits before have gone,
Think on these things, my soul !
Grand thy heritage, hero-won,
Think on these things, my soul !
From all brave endeavor
Springeth good forever ;
Think on these things, strive for these things,
Cherish these things, my soul !

Music : 'Gospel Hymns,' No. 282

THE CROSS ON THE FLAG

FROM age to age they gather, all the brave
of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right
against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear
their triumph-song:
The Truth is marching on!

‘ In this sign we conquer; ’ ’t is the symbol
of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant
over death;
He finds his life who loseth it, forevermore
it saith:
The Right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow
into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, how-
ever dark the night;

For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar
of morning bright :

And Love is marching on !

Lead on, O cross of martyr-faith, with thee
is victory !

Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn,
the full day yet shall be !

On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy
our eyes shall see :

Our God is marching on !

For S. S. H., DECORAH, IA., 1891

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word, —
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair, —
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song !

Vanish the mists of time and sense ;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.

O, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine, —
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide !
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

QUINCY, ILL. : Fiftieth Anniversary, 1890

HOLY PLACES

WHERE men on mounts of vision
Have passed the veil within,
Where hearts bowed in contrition
Have risen from their sin,
Where light on upturned faces
Earth's Calvaries has crowned, —
Here are her holy places,
This, consecrated ground.

Where life is nobly given
And man for man has died,
Where bonds of wrong are riven
And right is glorified, —
One faith the spirit traces,
Brightening from age to age ;
These are earth's holy places
And shrines of pilgrimage.

Here, Lord, may thy revealing
In waiting hearts be known,
Here holier thought and feeling
The secret Presence own :
May prayer and aspiration,
In-shinings of thy grace,
And sorrow's consolation
Make this our holy place !

Still from the spirit's essence
All things new meaning win ;
The temple of thy presence
Is ever, Lord, within.
May outward dedication
Have inward seal and sign,
The spirit's consecration
Make beautiful the shrine !

For C. W. W., OAKLAND, CAL., 1891

THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

THE CORNER-STONE

HE laid his rocks in courses,
His forest crowned the hill,
He yoked the ancient forces
And lent them to our will ;
The heart he woke to duty,
He graced the builder's thought,—
He gave Creation beauty,
And he the Temple wrought !

Now, Father, build within us
The Temple's counterpart,
Deep laid in holy purpose,
Fair colored of the heart ;
Its windows heaven-lighted,
Peace and Good-will its plan,
Its towers our Faith and Worship,
Its doors the Love of Man !

THE DEDICATION

To cloisters of the spirit
 These aisles of quiet lead :
Here may the vision gladden,
 The voice within us plead !
And may the dear All-Father,
 Who maketh trouble cease,
Here send his two, the blessed,
 His angels Shame and Peace !

Here be no man a stranger ;
 No holy cause be banned ;
No good for one be counted
 Not good for all the land !
And here for prophet voices
 The message never fail, —
‘ God reigns ! His Truth shall conquer,
 And Right and Love prevail ! ’

THE WORD OF GOD

It sounds along the ages,
Soul answering to soul ;
It kindles on the pages
Of every Bible scroll ;
The psalmists heard and sang it,
From martyr-lips it broke,
And prophet-tongues outrang it
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Buddha's tree,
It charmed in Athens' market,
It gladdened Galilee ;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
One holy Word declare.

It dates each new ideal, —
Itself it knows not time;
Man's laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime.
It calls — and lo, new Justice!
It speaks — and lo, new Truth!
In ever nobler stature
And unexhausted youth.

It everywhere arriveth;
Recks not of small and great;
It shapes the unborn atom,
It tells the sun its fate.
The wing-beat of archangel
Its boundary never nears:
Forever on it soundeth
The music of the spheres!

1894

UNTO HIM ALL LIVE

O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.

All souls are thine and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
Above the requiem 'dust to dust'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying they are blest.

Alleluia !

EASTER MORN

ON eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn !

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring ;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow :

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years !

RISEN

THEY came, bringing spices, at break of the
day

With hearts heavy-laden and sore,
And, lo, from the tomb was the stone rolled
away,

An angel sat there by the door !
'Why seek ye the living 'mid emblems of
death?

Not here, he is risen,' the shining one saith.

O type through the ages and symbol of faith,
Whose spirit is true evermore :

The hearts we have cherished we lose not in
death,

The grave over love hath no power.
There sitteth the angel, there speaketh the
word, —

'Not here, they are risen,' in silence is
heard.

O ye who still watch in the valley of tears
And wait for the night to go by,
Lift, lift up your eyes, on the mountains
appears

The day-spring of God from on high !
He turneth the shadows of night into day, —
‘Not here, they are risen,’ his shining ones
say.

SANTA BARBARA, 1894

WHAT WILL THE VIOLETS BE?

S. A. M.

WHAT will the violets be
There in the Spring of springs?
What will the bird-song be
Where the very tree-bough sings?
What will their Easter be
Where never are dead to mourn,
But brightly the faces ask,
'O, when will the rest be born?'

Brighter the Easter shines
On the faces here below,
That they are behind the flowers,
The heart of the living glow.
Beautiful secret, wait!
A morrow or two, and we
Shall know in the Spring of springs
What the violets will be.

OVER THE LAND IN GLORY

OVER the land in glory
Breaketh the Easter morn :
Nature repeateth her story, —
Life out of death new-born !
Lo, the year 's at the Spring,
Buds are blossoming,
Earth and heavens sing :
Life is life forever, evermore !

Listen, the birds are singing,
Softly the south winds play ;
Bells in the steeples ringing
Welcome the festal day :
And the message they bear
On the radiant air
Chides sorrow and fear :
Life is life forever, evermore !

Skies of the spirit brighten,
Hopes like the birds return :
Hearts with the promise lighten, —
‘ Blessed are they that mourn.’
To each winter a Spring
God will surely bring,
And the heart shall sing :
Life is life forever, evermore !

Music : ‘ King’s-Chapel Carols,’ No. 49. 1890

EASTER FESTIVAL

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer :
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality !
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'T is the Springtide of the year !
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality !

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer !
He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to him in faith
Triumph over fear and death ;
Speaks the angel by the door
' They are risen ' evermore.

Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality !

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving !
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead ;
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn !
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality !

Music : ' King's-Chapel Carols,' No. 4. 1890

DISCIPLESHIP

ON the Judæan hills

Would I have seen the light
The watching shepherds saw,
Turning to noon the night?
Would I have seen the star
That new in heaven shone,
And followed with the few
The new-born Christ to own?

And if mine ears had heard

The Man of Galilee
Speaking from heart aflame
The Truth that maketh free,
Turning from priest and scribe,
Dead rite and parchment roll, —
Would I have hailed in him
A Prophet of the Soul?

Those words upon the mount,
By way-sides, in the town, —
Unwelcome to his time,
Now Holy Scripture grown, —
Would I have read in them
A message from on high,
Or joined the multitude
Who cried out *Crucify?*

Ah, vain for you or me
To question thus the Past!
Not then but now for us
The fateful choice is cast;
Ever the larger faith
Makes way 'mid doubt and scorn,
And in its latest word
Anew the Christ is born.

The true disciples they,
The wide earth o'er, who own
Truth in her manger low,
Ere yet she mounts the throne:
Who from the dead Christ's tomb
Take not the stones to slay
In blinded fear and rage
The living Christ to-day.

They hear the angels' song,
 'T is they who see the light
The watching shepherds saw
 Making the heavens bright:
They see the self-same star
 O'er Bethlehem that shone,
And follow joyful forth
 The new-born Christ to own.

THE MAN OF NAZARETH

‘A CLOUD received him out of sight,’ —
Even so; and then men knew no more
The human presence warm and bright,
As he had walked the earth before;

The preacher of the mountain-side,
Teaching the kingdom’s reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin:

But sceptered now, and throned afar,
They watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift;
No king in wrath descends to reign,
Yet king-like through the shining rift
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near
The while thy festival we keep;
Diviner shall our lives appear
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

Christmas, 1890

MARY'S MANGER-SONG

SLEEP, my little Jesus,
On thy bed of hay,
While the shepherds homeward
Journey on their way !
Mother is thy shepherd
And will vigil keep :
O, did the angels wake thee ?
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Sleep, my little Jesus,
While thou art my own !
Ox and ass thy neighbors, —
Shalt thou have a throne ?
Will they call me blessed ?
Shall I stand and weep ?
O, be it far, Jehovah !
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Sleep, my little Jesus,
 Wonder-baby mine !
Well the singing angels
 Greet thee as divine.
Through my heart, as heaven,
 Low the echoes sweep
Of Glory to Jehovah !
 Sleep, my Jesus, sleep !

Music : ' The Carol,' page 44. 1882

WHITTIER

No thrush at eve had ever sweeter song
Than thine whose voice no more on earth
 we hear ;
Nor winds and flowing streams more please
 the ear,
Nor to the speech of Nature more belong.
And yet thy heart beat ever with the throng
Of toil ; the lowliest life thou didst revere
And the wide law of brotherhood hold dear,
Most mindful still of all who suffered wrong.

Best loved of all the choir we loved so well,
'T was thine to bring again the Master near,
And hymn to men the Goodness without end :
Psalmist we call thee of our Israel,
Child of the Spirit, poet, prophet, seer, —
And to us all, of every name, the *Friend* !

WHITTIER

A RUGGED rock is the mountain,
Rock from the base to crown;
But the mountain glens and valleys,
Where the brooks come leaping down,
Are gardens of tender, ferny things,
Sweet tangles of green and brown.

Like the mountain stood our poet!
Strength of the hills was he,
In the quiet sky uplifted,
A moveless sanctity;
And the listening lands heard thunders roll
Of his Sinai prophecy.

But the brooks in his heart were singing,
Singing all night and day,
And rhymes like the mosses nestled
Over the ledges gray,
And a poet's radiant world of flowers
Out-bloomed from the Yea and Nay.

‘NOTHING BUT A POET’

‘He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet.’ — EDMUND GOSSE ON ROBERT BROWNING.

‘NOTHING but a poet!’ So he said, and
wondered

At the sole persistence of his years.
Laughing world, you’ll know it, now that,
silence-sundered,
He is in the welcome of his peers.

What said Milton to him, what said Keats
and Shakespeare?

O, to see the smile on Dante’s face!
Catch the great Greek χαῖρε, hear the ‘bronze
throat’ hail him,
‘Browning’s come among us, — give him
place!’

‘Nothing but a poet,’ singing songs of soul-
growth,

Splendor in the pain-throb, rise in fall,

‘Saul the failure’ in us re-creating kingly, —

Songs one surge of morning ! That was all !

Browning Commemoration, 1890

REMBRANDT

*Suggested by the portrait of his mother in the
Hermitage, St. Petersburg.*

GAZING upon that face where years have
wrought

The record of their mingled loss and gain,
Where Love and Death, alternate joy and
pain,

Have the hid soul to such expression
brought, —

Life fills with vaster meaning to my thought.
'Neath change and loss I read what things
remain

To crown at last the struggle and the strain
Of all our days, remembered or forgot.

O mighty Master ! Shakespeare of the brush !
Interpreting to eye, as he to ear,

The story of earth's passion and its strife, —
Thy genius caught the new day's morning
flush,
Saw glory in the common and the near,
And on immortal canvas gave us LIFE!

1892

THE SOWER

'A sower went forth to sow.'

ALONG the pathless prairie
The tread of human feet, —
Up rise the smoke-plumed cabins
'Mid springing corn and wheat.
Where, like a lonely ocean,
The wind-swept grasses swung,
The golden sheaves are gathered,
The harvest song is sung.

In vigil of the spirit
A young-eyed listener heard, —
'Go forth among thy fellows,
Thy seed the living Word!
By springs of joy and sorrow,
In fields of toil and care,
Through deserts of temptation,
Broadcast thy faith and prayer.'

From year to year the prairie
Has waved with ripened grain,
Borne on the tides of traffic
Wide over land and main.
But who shall mart the harvest
Of nobler thought and deed,
Of holier faith and purpose,
Sprung from the sower's seed ?

O brave and faithful sower,
Not thine on earth to bind
The full sheaves of thy harvest,
The growths of heart and mind :
Outspreads in widening circles
The life-embodied Word,
And they shall bear thee witness
Thy voice who never heard.

The people cease from labor,
The children leave their play ;
All bring thee love and honor
To crown thy festal day.

The heavens glow in beauty
Lit by the westering sun,
And God's far stars shall guide thee
When the long day is done.

Chester Covell, Seventieth birthday, 1887

JOHN C. LEARNED

THY work abides, though thou hast passed
from sight :

Unconsciously hast thou thy monument
From year to year built fair and permanent
In lives to which thine own was cheer and
light.

Wisdom and meekness clothed thee with
their might ;

In thee the sage and saint were equal blent ;
Strength, courage, tenderness dwelt in thy
tent,

Thou soldier of the everlasting Right !

By so much as we mourn thee, we rejoice
That we have known thee in these earthly
ways,

And with thee striven for the things unseen :
Still in our silences will speak thy voice
And thy dear memory inspire our days,
Till we too pass the veil that hangs between.

December, 1893

‘INCARNATE CHEER’

‘Have n’t I a right to be grave, too, sometimes?’

J. Ll. J.

No rights of gravity to thee, dear friend!
We need one face about our world to mend
Heart’s hurt and set jarred minds in tune,
And sure to do this as the blessed June;
One voice whose bell shall ring away all
fear;
One hand in which we grasp ‘incarnate
cheer;’
One steadfast smile rayed out from eyes
alight,
To make men say, ‘He’s come! now all is
right!’

To J. Ll. J. on his birthday, 1887

THIRTY THOUSAND

‘ THIRTY thousand ! ’ said the Fate,
Mixer of the days to be,
As she passed the mystic gate, —
Little Quaker baby, she !

Thirty thousand days and nights —
This the dower with which she came :
All their sounds and all their sights
Vested in the tiny dame.

‘ Thirty thousand,’ said the Fate ;
But who draw the royal breath
Into deeds the days translate,
Dainty Queen Elizabeth !

Price is high for royal dowers ;
Thee must *earn* thy golden state !
Spendthrift gods fling out the hours,
Miser gods keep count and weight.

Day and night and night and day,
One by one the thousands flee:
Lady of the Yea and Nay,
Thou *hast* earned thy queenerie !

Earned it as a noble should,
Dauntless, tireless, gentle-strong ;
Giving Yea to every good,
Daring Nay to every wrong.

Not in calendars thy fame,
But secrete in happy prayer ;
Lips have blessed thee — not by name —
Thanking God for ‘ daily care.’

Thou dost leave a sweeter earth,
Less of poison, less of fen,
By thy precedent of worth
Stablished in the world’s Amen.

Thou art part of all uplift !
One tint brighter rises morn
Henceforth ever, — this thy gift
Wheresoe’er a child is born.

To E. B. C., on her eightieth birthday, 1886

GOLDEN WEDDING

WHAT do you see, dear hill-top pair,
Side by side in the quiet there,
Looking down through the golden air
On the days of long ago?

Sounds of the valley's push and throng,
Din of its labor and cries of its wrong, —
Do they rise and blend to an evening song,
As you stand and listen so?

Is the valley filling with shadows dim?
Do the hills grow bright on the eastern rim,
The hills where you played so free of limb,
In the days of long ago?

Tell us your secrets, our two-in-one!
Do fifty years of the rising sun
Draw love the closer for each year run, —
Will you whisper, you who know?

Beautiful secrets that none can tell
Till sunsets chant and the roses spell, —
As they *do* for twos ! as two knew well
In the days of long ago.

But say, O lover by love long taught,
Why, under the gray the years have brought,
She stands as a *maiden* to our thought,
And a rose that waits to blow.

Tell us the secret of home-spun ways,
Of spinning-wheel hours in city days,
Clean and calm as a Quaker phrase
Of the simple long ago.

Tell what you see on the *farther* side,
Where the new horizons open wide,
And you hear the step of a coming Guide
The way of the hills to show.

Out of the quiet that holds you there
There seems to float through the golden air,
Like the brooding music after prayer
Or a song of long ago : —

‘Little we see ; but hand in hand
Fearless we turn to the still, new land,
Fearless to go as here to stand ;

For this in our hearts we know, —

‘Wherever we go, Love goeth too ;
Whatever may pass, Love lasteth through ;
And Love shall be sweet and dear and true
As in days of long ago.’

For J. D. and M. D. : 1836-1886

TWILIGHT

THE sunset glow is ebbing ;
 Within the rose-rimmed sky
The stars wait wide and lonely
 The slow day's passing by.

The evening dusks the valleys ;
 The hill-tops yet are lit ;
The shadow broadens upward,
 And the quiet climbs with it.

All that the day dissevers
 Now, in the twilight dun,
Nestles again together, —
 The far and the near are one.

Within her cloistered chamber
 Brooded the evening peace,
As the dear life faded slowly,
 Too happy to wish release.

In the widening hush she waited,
In the beautiful after-glow,
The hills of her memory gleaming,
The shadows climbing below.

The holy twilight falling
Was not of the star and sun ;
The earth and the heaven lights mingled, —
And the far and near were one.

O. M. N., 1894

‘DEATH AS FRIEND’

After a picture by Alfred Rethel

So still !

The little bird sits on the window-sill ;
The sun behind him is sinking slow ;
Down below in the city streets
The people are going to and fro, —
Going home, for their work is done.

‘Tong! Tong!’

It is vesper-hour,
And soft strong booms
Steal out from the great cathedral tower
Over the house-tops, over the plain,
Out towards the sun :
‘Tong! Tong!’
Go home, for work is done!’

The old bell-ringer,
He, too, is so still !
Fifty years, at the vesper hour,
He has rung the bell in his eyrie tower ;

A dweller there with the birds in the sky,
In the fields of quiet that overlie
The toil of cities, — ringing 'Peace!
Go home, for work is done!'

There, alone,
Where the undertone
Of the city toil moans up to him,
He has done his part in the busy day,
Ringing the pauses for men to pray, —
Simply, faithfully, fifty years;
Ever, in heart, at his oaken board
Breaking his bread with the crucified Lord,
In whose great name
The bells proclaim
'Peace! go home, for work is done!'

One by one
The strokes sound on.
He sits in the chair by the window-sill:
The little bird wonders at him so still,
So still in the fingers, so still in the face!
'What ails the ringer?' the people say,
'The vesper-bell rings long to-day:
We have all gone home,
And work is done.'

Low, low,
In the evening glow,
It tolls and tolls.

In the belfry stands a hooded shape,
With a palmer's shell on his shoulder-cape,
As one who goeth from place to place:
He grasps the rope with a bony hand,
Bending with a tender grace
To each rhythm of sweeping sound.
With a noiseless foot he has climbed the stair,
And touched the old man sitting there,
Waiting for the vesper-hour, and said,
' To-night I ring for you, old friend :
Go home, for work is done ! '

So still !

The little bird flies from the window-sill,
The sun has set, and down below
The people are saying, ' It never rang so,
Never before, so sweet and low ! '

R. Ll. J., 1885

A. L. G.

1846

So early lost, I cannot tell the lift
Of mother-arms! A toy or two, her gift;
A small white gown, her needle in its seam;
And, dim as is a dream within a dream,
A little figure at a shadow's feet,
Or walking hand in hand upon the street, —
A gentle shadow with an unseen face, —
No smile, no tone, no foot-fall mine for trace:
That is my unknown Mother!

Yet I know
The inmost currents of my being flow
From her high springs; the faiths that in me
 rise
Have once made happy lights within her
 eyes;

The gardens of my heart are seeded thick
With border-blooms that first in hers were
quick ;

My very thought of God is her bequest,
Sealed mine before I lay upon her breast !

O Mother, could an earthly smile suffice,
And *these* not serve me well to recognize ?
Inwrought and deathless tokens pledge us
joy

What day my Mother meets her grateful
boy !

ALMA MATER

FROM many ways and wide apart,
Obedient to thy call,
Hither we turn with loyal heart,
Dear Mother of us all!

We walk the well-known paths once more
Amid the summer's bloom;
We pass familiar thresholds o'er,
And breathe the air of home.

Nor we alone; they come unseen,
Unheard their footsteps fall;
Voices long hushed to earth within
The cloistered silence call.

O, more than gold has been the lore
We learned beside thy knee, —
The faith that grows from more to more,
The truth that maketh free;

The strength to do and to endure
Through good report and ill,
The heart of love, the conscience pure,
And the undaunted will.

Be proud, O Mother, of thy past !
It lives in thee to-day ;
And still its high traditions cast
Their light upon thy way.

Our love and hope ring out their chime
Above thy festival ;
Blessings upon thee through all time,
Thou who hast blessed us all !

THE VILLAGE MEETING-HOUSE

STILL stands the ancient meeting-house
Upon the village-green,
And white above the circling trees
The belfry tower is seen.

Uncolored through the simple panes
The common sunlight pours ;
No Gothic arches spring above
The latched and painted doors.

Their thresholds witness to the tread
Of feet long since at rest
In yonder field of moss-grown slates
With Bible-text impressed.

No more at rise and set of sun
Is heard the numbered toll
That spoke to all the country round
The passing of a soul :

Yet still with every new-born week,
 Across the meadows fair
And over all the upland farms,
 Sounds the old call to prayer.

I walked again the village street
 By absence made more dear ;
That summer Sunday held the bloom
 And fragrance of the year.

I followed with the worshippers
 The ancient house within ;
For me with all I saw and heard
 Was mingled what had been.

For memory had new-kindled love,
 And love had quickened faith ;
I lived that hour within a world
 That knew not change and death.

I minded not the preacher's theme,
 Nor caught the words of prayer ;
My thought had passed within the veil
 And walked with spirits there.

The faithful shepherd of the flock,
Whose years knew such increase,
Who led in wisdom's simple ways
And by the streams of peace ;

The wise and upright citizen,
To each good cause allied,
Who brightened more an honored name
Through all the country-side ;

And souls that well had borne their part,
And little children fair ; —
Their unforgotten faces gleamed
In the illumined air.

I love the minster's vaulted roof,
Its walls of old renown,
Where sculptured marbles voice the past
And windowed saints look down :

Nor less I feel our Hebrew strain,
Distrustful still of art,
That lifts to the Invisible
Immediate the heart.

For inward more than outward is,
The soul than any shrine ;
Alone our living love and trust
The altar make divine.

Long may the ancient meeting-house
Rise from the village-green,
And over all the country round
Its belfried tower be seen :

Still may the call to praise and prayer
Be heard each Sunday morn,
And bind in growing faith the past
With ages yet unborn !

NORTHBOROUGH, MASS.

THE DAYS

IN Father Time's old nursery
The little Morrows wait,
Each one impatient to be out,
Impatient to be great ;
On bravely through the sun to go,
On bravely through the showers,
A world to see, a Day to be !
The happy-hearted Hours !

So one by one he lets them out,
His Days so young and strong,
The morning shining in their face,
And on their lips a song.
When home they come, their work all done,
There 's quiet in their ways,
And shadows rise and haunt their eyes, —
They 're dear old *Yesterdays* !

And now we love them for the half
Of all that we hold dear, —
The echo-side of every word,
The far to every near ;
The sunset touch to every hope
That fades along our skies,
The after-dream, the vanished gleam,
The love in long-shut eyes.

ROCHESTER : ' Fiftieth Anniversary,' 1892

THE OLD LOVE-SONG

PLAY it slowly, sing it lowly,
Old, familiar tune !
Once it ran in dance and dimple,
Like a brook in June ;
Now it sobs along the measures
With a sound of tears ;
Dear old voices echo through it,
Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song,
Till in slowing time
Early sweetness grows completeness,
Floods its every rhyme.
Who together learn the music
Life and death unfold,
Know that love is but beginning
Until love is old.

Play it slowly, — it is holy
As an evening hymn ;
Morning gladness hushed to sadness
Fills it to the brim.
Memories home within the music,
Stealing through the bars ;
Thoughts within its quiet spaces
Rise and set like stars.

For J. W. C. and A. H. C.: 1865-1890

THE DEAR TOGETHERNESS

I DREAMED of Paradise, — and still,
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill
And trees were green and rivers bright,
The one dear thing that made delight
By sun or stars or Eden weather,
Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of Heaven, — with God so near !
The angels trod the shining sphere,
And each was beautiful ; the days
Were choral work, were choral praise :
And yet in Heaven's far-shining weather
The best was still, — we were together !

I woke, — and lo, my dream was true,
That happy dream of me and you !
For Eden, Heaven, no need to roam, —
The foretaste of it all is Home,
Where you and I through this world's
weather
Still work and praise and thank together.

Together weave from love a nest
For all that's good and sweet and blest
To brood in, till it come a face,
A voice, a soul, a child's embrace, —
 And then what peace of Bethlehem weather,
 What songs as we go on together !

Together greet life's solemn real,
Together own one glad ideal,
Together laugh, together ache,
And think one thought, 'each other's sake,'
 And hope one hope, — in new-world weather
 To still go on, and go together !

Home Dedication, 1891

HERO BY BREVET

I SAW a veteran to-day,
With hobbling foot and staff to stay,
In slow march by the window stray.

‘What rank?’ There was no epaulet, —
Some humble rank that privates get:
The face said, *Hero by brevet*.

‘What regiment?’ I only know
They take the front where’er they go,
As that were badge enough to show.

‘No colors?’ None that I could see, —
A few gray locks were waving free,
Like shot-torn banners greeting me.

‘In service where?’ How could I guess?
No boast of battles marred the dress,
But eyes were full of field-success.

‘ No scars or maim, no empty sleeve ? ’
Only the smile that sufferings leave
And weary days and nights achieve.

‘ And all alone, — no comrade-brother ? ’
Alone, yet loved beyond all other.
‘ By whom ? ’ By men who call her —
Mother !

NURSERY LOGIC

THERE in the nursery stood the case,
Old and battered and brown with age, —
Dear Aunt Ann's with the saintly face, —
Till one of our toddlers, in cherubic rage,
Chanced on a spring and a drawer flew wide,
And lo, a plain gold ring inside !

Wee Aunt Ann with the mystic smile,
That was the secret thy eyes held fast !
Did they learn their smile in the long-ago
while
When the wooers came and the wooers
passed,
And not one dreamed that a drawer flew
wide,
A drawer with a plain gold ring inside ?

Nobody guessed from then till now,
Little maid-aunt, thy secret sweet !
Then nobody *shall*, but he and thou,
Long in the heaven where old loves meet.
But — knows he yet that a drawer flew wide
To show his plain gold ring inside ?

So we all agreed, the children and I,
Dropping again the ring in its place,
Never to spy what lives so shy
There in the heart of the old brown case.
But the children say, ‘ If a drawer flew
wide, —
There ’s a dear little uncle and aunt inside ! ’

Who ? is his name. O, *they* know well, —
Have christened him, wedded him now for
true !
But that is her secret, and they won’t tell ;
So it ’s just ‘ Aunt Ann and Uncle *Who ?* ’
And (bless their logic !) they hear, inside,
Three little dream-cousins who laugh and
hide.

Cousins real to the poets small,
 Brooding the dream, as they themselves;
Christened and charactered, each and all,
 Discrete, insular, untwinned elves !
Poets — or prophets ? Should heaven ope
 wide,
Whose are the children at Aunt Ann's side ?

1888

HOW LITTLE JO NAMED THE BABY

He stood beside the cradle,
A tender-brooding care,
Watching with love-illumined eyes
The baby brother there.

He stood beside the cradle,
While busily without
The mother plied her morning work
The happy home about.

Three moons had bloomed and faded
Since 'Baby' earthward came,
Nor yet with seeking far or near
Was found a fitting name.

Anon the door was opened, —
The mother paused and smiled,
As, face all tremulous with joy,
Up spake the little child :

‘ Mamma, I ’ve named the baby ! ’
‘ You have ? What is it, Jo ? ’
‘ I ’m going to call him God, Mamma,
That ’s the best name I know.’

O depth of heavenly wisdom
Alone to love unsealed, —
Hid from the wise and prudent ones
And unto babes revealed !

Wee prophet of the Highest,
Who touched thy little tongue
To speak so clear the holiest thought
That e’er was said or sung ?

The preaching of the pulpit
Seems vague and far away,
Beside thy bolder faith that sees
‘ Immanuel ’ to-day.

Ah, well if in each other,
As through the world we go,
We saw what in that babe was seen
And named by little Jo !

CLEVELAND, 1886

IN THE ALBULA PASS.

To right, to left, the mountain wall —
Above, the narrow strip of sky ;
And at my feet the Albula stream
With youth's impatience rushes by.

The air comes cool from snowy heights
And tonic with the breath of pine ;
Around me like a glory spread
The flowers in rainbow beauty shine.

I leave the cares that weighed me down,
The heat and burden of the plain ;
I feel the strengthening of the hills
And drink the wine of youth again.

Why thus in haste, bright mountain stream,
To leave these haunts, so fair to me,
Full soon to find the dusty plain,
Too soon the all-engulfing sea ?

There comes a voice, — the streams can
speak! —

‘ Fair is my home and youth is free,
And glad my days, yet will I go
On to the plain, the unknown sea !

‘ For life is motion and not rest,
Nor fear I what at last shall be ;
The Hand that raised these mountain heights
Has scooped the hollows of the sea ! ’

I turn me from the happy stream,
All bright the years before me lie ;
The mountains sink as up I climb,
And nearer grows the widening sky.

CANTON GRISONS, July, 1888

CORONADO BEACH

THE air is tonic with the salty breath
Of coursing billows that at last are free ;
Sounds low and sweet old Ocean's symphony,
Whose thought the varying heart inter-
preteth.

With upturned face and folded palms in
death

Lies Corpus Christi in mute effigy ;
Point Loma, sphinx-like, gazes o'er the sea
Nor heeds the questioning wave that breaks
beneath.

Along the shore the solemn mountains keep
Their immemorial watch ; in yonder town,
Sheltered between them and the curving
deep,

Unheard the tides of life move up and down.
O peace of Nature ! here my burdens fall,
I rest upon the mighty Heart of all !

SAN DIEGO, February, 1894

DOVER

MOUSE-HOLE in December,
Quiet little Dover!
What shall I remember,
Now the days are over?

Snow in hushes falling;
Blue days creeping by;
Trees in still processions
Etched upon the sky;
And a silent village
Where the gray stones lean,
Whispering of a Dover
They alone have seen.

All I shall remember,
Now the days are over, —
Mouse-hole in December,
Quiet little Dover!

When I shall be lying
 With a gray stone over,
Will this great World dim to
 Just a little Dover?

DOVER, MASS., 1886

WE SEE AS WE ARE

THE poem hangs on the berry-bush,
When comes the poet's eye ;
The street begins to masquerade,
When Shakespeare passes by.

The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,
He loves his traitor well ;
And God, to angel his new Heaven,
Explores his lowest Hell.

1885

TREE-SURPRISE

THERE 's a rapture in the air,
Thrilling all the branches here
With the musical vibrations of an unheard
tune ;
Silent trees in winter trance
Feel a something in them dance. —
Then a leaf and bud commotion, and a world
one June !

There 's a trouble in the air,
And a fog of white despair :
Stiff and black the trees are standing, — are
they dead, all dead ?
In an hour I lift my eyes,
And, behold ! a tree-surprise. —
Every twig is flashing crystal from the white
gloom bred !

Unheard music in the air,
Is it rapture or despair
In my tree of life the Hands will play for
this day's tune?
But why ask it or why care,
With that gloom-born beauty there,
And the Hands to play December that shall
yet play June?

1885

A DAY IN OCTOBER

I LEAVE behind the crowded street,
The city's noise and stir,
And face to face with Nature meet, —
Her happy worshipper.

I walk the unfrequented road
With open eye and ear ;
I watch afield the farmer load
The bounty of the year.

I filch the fruit of no man's toil,
No trespasser am I,
And yet I reap from every soil
And the unmeasured sky.

I gather where I did not sow,
And bind in mystic sheaf
The amber air, the river's flow,
The rustle of the leaf, —

The squirrels' chatter in the trees,
The sunlight sifted down,
The wholesome odors on the breeze
O'er ripened harvests blown, —

The hills in distance purple-hued,
The tinkling waterfall,
The 'deep contentment of the wood,'
The peace o'erbrooding all.

The maples glow beside the streams
And fleck the pastures sear,
Like smiles that break from happy dreams, —
So smiles the waning year!

A beauty springtime never knew
Haunts all the quiet ways,
And sweeter shines the landscape through
Its veil of autumn haze.

The blessing of the early rain
And all the summer's shine
Are garnered in the golden grain
And purple of the vine.

What though the groves are silent all,
No bird within them sings,
Nor on the quiet meadows fall
Shadows from sunlit wings :

Yet is their summer music part
Of the still atmosphere, —
So Nature keeps by subtle art
To sight what pleased the ear.

And all my separate senses seem
To be but passive keys,
Whereon she plays her world-old theme
To wondrous harmonies.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood,
And feel with all akin ;
I ope my heart, — their fortitude
And peace and joy flow in.

Like him of old on Horeb's mount
I take again my way,
New-strengthened from the healing fount
Of this October day.

MICHIGAN, 1892

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